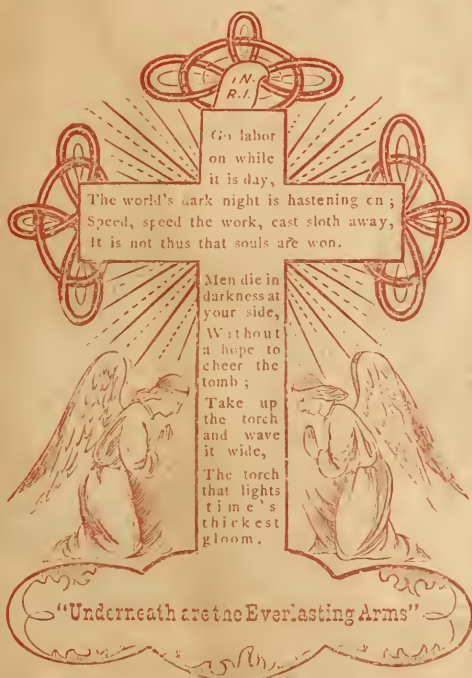


Vol. 1.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

No. 1.

THE Christian Visitor



PUBLISHED BY
NATIONAL PARK MISSION,
Cor. State & 22nd Sts., Chicago.

Terms One Dollar a Year.

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*Receipts for support of the Pastor not reported.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

The CHRISTIAN VISITOR will be published Monthly, after the 1st of January next. Each number will contain several beautiful Sabbath School Songs, selected from the latest and most popular singing books in use. We shall give a short history of different Missions and some of the most prosperous Sabbath Schools in our city—from time to time—hoping that others will be stimulated to go and labor for the lost ones sinking down to ruin and eternal night. The Master's harvest is already white, and if we can only encourage some of those standing about the market-place idle to enter Christ's vineyard and gather some of the ripe fruit that is fast perishing, then our work will not be in vain in the Lord.

Terms of the Christian Visitor.

The subscription price of the VISITOR will be ONE DOLLAR a year, commencing January 1, 1869. Delivered in the City ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Sample copies sent by mail on the receipt of 15 cents. Every one subscribing for the VISITOR will not only get the worth of their money, but will be aiding us to carry forward the work of our Mission.

All communications and remittances should be addressed to THE EDITOR,

EZRA C. EGGLESTON, P. O. Drawer 6,023. Chicago.

DR. F. M. WILDER,

OFFICE HOURS, 12 TO 2—6 TO 9 P. M.

Office, 994 State St., near 22d, Residence, cor. Calumet Ave. and 33d St., Chicago.

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rency for all Degrees in Masonry, Fresco and Decorative
Painting, Wire Window Shades, Signs of all
kinds, Ornamental Painting, etc.

Bound by the Western Book Manufacturing Company, cor. Washington and Dearborn Sts.



From Lafayette, Indiana.

Mrs. R.'s class yesterday were so much pleased with the map that they bought it at once, with their own contributions. I should think every Sunday school in the country would want a copy. I wish you the largest success, in which Mrs. R. joins me. Enclosed you will find \$1 for the map, and we subscribe for the series.

Truly yours,

D. R.

From ROBT. MORRIS, LL. D., New York, lately from Palestine.

Your map is the most accurate of any that I have seen. I shall use in my lectures on Palestine.

TESTAMENT HYMNS No. 2, or Object Singing Lessons.

WHO IS HE? FROM "CHAPEL GEMS."

LESSON.—THE HUMAN AND DIVINE NATURE OF CHRIST.—1 Tim. iii. 16.



Who is He in yonder stall
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

And the shepherds came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

Phil. II. 8-11.

he humbled himself ..

CHORUS, to be Sung at the End of Each Verse.

Tis the Lord, O wondrous STORY: Tis the LORD, the KING of GLORY.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him. .. That at the

At His feet we humbly FALL, Crown Him. CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

name of Jesus every knee should bow, And every tongue confess that JESUS CHRIST is LORD, to the glory of God the Father.

2. Who is He in yonder cot,
Bending o'er His toilsome lot?



Luke ii. 51. And He went down with them .. and was subject unto them

Matt. x. 55. Is not this the Carpenter's son?

3. Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?

John xi. 25. And Jesus said: I am the resurrection, and the life he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Chorus



4. Lo! at midnight who is He,
Prays in dark Geth-sem-a-ne?

Chorus



5. Who is He in Calv'rys throes
Asks for blessings on His foes?

Luke xxiii. 33. And when they were come to . Calvary they crucified him.

Cho

6. Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?



"Father, forgive them, They know not what they do."

Rev. V. 11-12. And I heard .. many angels .. saying with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

Acts ii. 9. While they spake, He was lifted up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

From D. L. Moody, President Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago
I wouldn't be without this chart in my Sunday school for twenty-five dollars. Why! gentlemen, I can teach the whole doctrine of salvation from this chart.

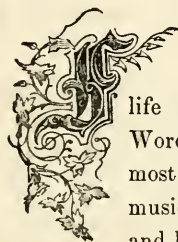
THE
Christian Visitor.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

No. 1.

Our Work.



FIRST, To gather the children from those families who do not attend any Sabbath School, and teach them the way of life by a systematic course of instruction from God's Holy Word. We shall place over each class the best qualified and most punctual teacher we can obtain. We shall furnish good musical training, for the purpose of developing that acceptable and beautiful manner of rendering praise to Him to whom all praise is due. Our efforts will not cease here, but we shall try and do the scholars all the good we can, by helping them to prepare for usefulness; to aid them in getting situations; to look after them when sick; to help them when in distress and poverty; to have a tender care and love for the dear children whom Christ came to save; and to watch for their souls, as they that must give an account at the last great day. We feel that our mission is also to the wandering ones that have strayed far away from their father's house; to the lost ones wandering about in the wilderness of sin, with no light to illuminate the darkness about them; to the sorrowing ones, carrying heavy crosses and weighed down by continual trials. Gladly would we point the wandering ones to the Good Shepherd who leaves His flock and goeth into the wilderness after His wandering sheep; He sees them far away from home and safety. Although "weak and wounded, sick and sore," still He has a tender love for you, and gladly would He gather you up in His arms and carry you back to his fold, and lead you forth to green pastures and beside the still waters.

"He sees you nigh to death,
Famishing and faint and lone;
He would bind you with His bands of love,
And save the wandering one."

We would tell those who have been living in darkness all their lives, wandering here and there in the wilderness of sin, seeking for some green spot where peace and happiness may be found, but like Noah's dove finding no place of rest, that there is a perpetual day where no shadow of sin will ever darken the horizon.

"And there unfailing fountains flow, and pleasures never end ;
My Friend, my Father, and my Guide, and this our radiant home,
Are offered you—turn not away ! to-day I pray you "Come."
My Father yearns to welcome you—His heart, His house, to share ;
My Friend is yours—my home is yours—my Guide will lead you there."

We shall try and help to bear the burdens of others, by helping them in their lonely hours of grief and sorrow, by cheering their wearisome pilgrimage through life, and by helping them to cast every care and sorrow at the feet of Him who has said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

We have preaching morning and evening, and will gladly welcome any and all to free seats and a free gospel. We do not often take collections in the congregation, but boxes will be placed in different parts of the house, with directed envelopes to the different departments of work ; and every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give ; not grudgingly or of necessity, for "God loveth a cheerful giver." 2 Corinthians iv. 9. Every one should feel it to be his duty, as well as his privilege, to do something. We do not believe in urging to give for we believe God wants willing hearts to serve him, not unwilling ones. So He wants the free-will offerings of the people. If it is only the widow's mite and comes freely, it will be a blessing to feel that you can bear some part in the work.

"For the heart grows rich in giving ;
All its wealth is living grain ;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain."

We want our meetings to be a church home for all the people, and we wish all to feel that they have something to do in Christ's household. There is work for you if you cannot give money ; you can bring your neighbors and friends ; you can cheer the Pastor by always being present. We need the prayers and sympathies of all Christians, and we hope that those who cannot help in the good work will not discourage any who are willing to do so. Every Christian should have more love for souls and Christ's cause in general, than to drift into idolatry by worshiping the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, or any other Christian denomination. "God forbid that we should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Organization.

The first of last March the Superintendent of this Mission resigned his charge in his first field of labor, where for nearly two years he had held up Christ and Him crucified. Many trials and discouragements were met in the efforts to build the House of the Lord. We had doubting friends and cruel enemies, but the dark days were succeeded by brighter ones, when we saw the house finally finished, and the people and children gathered from Sabbath to Sabbath to praise the name of Jesus. After leaving the former Mission it was decided best to rest and visit other schools, and not take responsibility again for a few weeks, but while passing along State street, and seeing the National Skating Park Building not in use, the thought was suggested that there the wandering ones might be gathered. And after much prayer it was decided that there was a work to be done, in the field where now hundreds flock to learn of Jesus' love. It was repeatedly asked where will your money and workers come from, and as no one was willing to be identified with the movement until they could see it a success, they were told that the Lord would provide. The school was advertised to open at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of March 22, 1868. We commenced by short addresses from different Sabbath School men. There were present about two hundred, seated upon rough benches, and when we saw by the moist eye and the falling tear that the Master was with us, we felt that all would be well. The Lord sent money and workers, and raised up many friends to help in the good work. Our building not being then fit to hold meetings in, we rented Burlington Hall and held services there until we could meet in our Sabbath School room, where we have since held our services.

SOME time ago, a missionary meeting was held at a small town in England. At the close of the meeting a poor widow woman, one of the very poorest in the parish, went up to the minister and offered him a sovereign that is a gold piece worth about five dollars. The minister knew the deep poverty of her condition, and declined to receive it. He told her she should not think of giving so much, for he knew that she could not afford it. The poor woman looked sad, and seemed greatly disappointed. "Oh, sir," she said, "I have often given copper to my Savior; and two or three times I had the pleasure of giving silver; but it has been my earnest desire to have the great happiness of giving some *gold* to Jesus once before I die. I have long been engaged in saving every little mite that I could spare, that I might give this sovereign to Jesus to-night. O, sir, you must take it."

To Parents.



I WOULD say a few words to the parents of the children in our Sabbath School. Much of our success will depend upon your aid and influence at home. Will not every parent try to have their children every Sabbath in their classes. The parents who allow their children to desecrate the Sabbath of the Lord are but helping them on to disgrace and ruin. Often when our children become interested and impressions for good are being made the parents take them away to some place of amusement on the Sabbath and all is lost. Parents who are trying by their influence and example to lead their children in wisdom's ways are doing a great work; although, perhaps, silent and unseen at present by the world, but the world will surely reap what they are sowing in those young hearts. Be sure and sow the good seed of the gospel, or Satan will have many tares and rank weeds growing so thick as to kill all that is good. Every parent is supposed to desire the greatest good for his children. And how hard many parents work to save something to start them in life with, and perhaps their neglect to help them form right religious characters have been their ruin and disgrace, and brought their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. How often we have heard the lost and fallen say, had my parents brought me up to love Christ and His church, then I should not have been here in sorrow and crime. Parents, do you desire the success of your children? If so, what can you do to aid them so much as to help us to bring them to Christ. You father, you mother, look upon that bright-eyed Mary or that sprightly little boy to-night, as they close their eyes in sleep—the perfect picture of innocence. Do you want those treasures plunged in sin, lost to all that is good and holy, and have the world say, when they shall gather up their feet in death, behold the end of the wicked for whom no one will mourn? Parents, you can help to give your children what will do them far more good than money. Your son and your daughter need Christ. They are fast hastening to a fierce struggle with temptation, and they will then need the Almighty arms about them, to keep from falling. How many fallen young men and young women might have been saved in this great and wicked city, had parents done their duty. Oh! that we could speak some word of power to you, parents, so that you would feel the importance of saving your children from the whirlpool of vice to which so many of them are fast hastening. Come into the fold of the Good Shepherd yourselves and then you have every reason to expect the lambs will follow.

“HIMSELF HATH DONE IT.”

“What shall I say? He hath spoken unto me, and Himself hath done it.”

ISAIAH xxxviii. 15.

“Himself hath done it all.” Oh ! how those words
Should hush to silence every murmuring thought—

“Himself hath done it;” He who loves me best,
He who my soul with His own blood hath bought.

“Himself hath done it.” He would have me see !
What broken cisterns human friends must prove,
That I may turn, and quench my burning thirst
At His own fount of ever-living love.

“Himself hath done it.” Then I fain would say,
Thy will in all things ever more be done,
E’en though that will remove whom best I love;
While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.

“Himself hath done it,”—precious, precious words,
“Himself;” my “Father,” “Savior,” “Brother,” “Friend,”
Whose faithfulness no variation knows;
Who having loved me, loves me to the end.

And when in His eternal presence blest,
I at His feet my crown immortal cast,
I’ll gladly own, with all His ransomed saints,
“Himself hath done it” all, from first to last.

**The Little Ones of the Fold.**

Perhaps our readers would like to hear about the little ones, who always come with such happy faces and cheerful hearts, that we can but thank God for the children.

Commencing with about twenty, our number has gradually increased until nearly a hundred little faces may be seen gathered each Sabbath afternoon. Some are little homeless, wandering ones, who have been sought in garret or basement; others who have never known there was a sacred Sabbath day, or heard of the precious name of Jesus. These all unite with more favored ones who have come from happy homes, and blend their voices in songs of praise.

They are the least but fairest of them all. I wish you could see the little pyramid of bright faces as they are gathered each Sabbath—little bright-eyed Mary, Jessie and Fannie, or Tommy, Willie and Johnny, so mischievous and roguish as to remind us of their presence, yet all eager to

listen, are but specimens of the little band that comes to learn about Him who has said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Oh, that all might be gathered into the fold early in the morning of their years, is the petition of one who seeks for them a daily blessing.

Our room is not a very elegant one, but we hope to have a better by-and-by. Has any one told you what we are doing for the new mission? Each penny is equivalent to a brick, and Master Norval, scarcely four years old, who is so self-sacrificing that he will not taste any candy, nor use any sugar in his tea or coffee that he may buy brick, comes with from forty to a hundred cents each Sabbath, and each little scholar is doing something toward buying brick for the new mission.

Thus far we have been greatly prospered; yet a shadow has dawned upon our path—"Our Father in Heaven" has taken two of our fair ones home—Little Maria and Johnny have left vacant seats, but are waiting to meet us beyond the river.

Reader will you not come and see, and, above all, PRAY, for the "Little Ones of the Fold?"



Singing.

Nothing adds more to a religious service than good music, and it is our object to make such improvement from time to time in this department, as shall not only make the service interesting, but give all an opportunity to join in singing praises to our God. We sing old familiar tunes, and as all the congregation are provided with books, we would like to have all join, and thus lend a helping hand and at the same time feel that they are not only assisting the congregation, but are rendering praise to their Heavenly Father. We intend to form a choir very soon, to *lead* the singing, but would invite all those who can, to assist us. We are very much encouraged to see so many possessing musical talent coming in among us. We presume to say there are some attending our mission who are qualified to take a leading position in any choir in the city, and that at no very distant day the National Park Mission will have a choir second to none in Chicago. "Small matters are the cause of great results," and if our friends will assist us we shall soon be able to build up a flourishing church, the result of which, perhaps, will never be known till the resurrection morn. Mr. E. P. Smith will have charge of the singing department for the present, and all those wishing to join the choir should make application to him.

The Bible Class.

MR. EDITOR :

Hearing of your purpose to issue a new Monthly Magazine, and being identified with the Bible Class in connection with the National Park Mission, of which you have been the leading spirit, with your permission I will give a brief account.

The Bible Class, which is a very interesting feature of that mission work, was organized about the 1st of April, 1868, with less than twelve names upon the roll, but it rapidly increased until the room was too small to accommodate it. A larger room was made in the same building, to which the class repaired.

The missionary spirit already exhibited here found opportunity to develop itself, and the class steadily increased until it numbered more than ninety members. In July last it was deemed advisable to make a division, and under the leadership of Mr. J. Hollingsworth and Mrs. L. A. Willard, two classes, numbering fourteen and eleven respectively, were organized. But those remaining soon brought others to fill the places of those who had left, and ere long another division will be necessary.

The method pursued has been to take up the parables in course, and while holding to the central truths to draw from each member the ideas that would naturally arise. The following may indicate more particularly the manner of conducting the class :

Taking the first parable—Matthew xiii, 5.

1. The circumstances connected with the uttering of the parable.
2. Who are sowers ? 1. Jesus. 2. All preachers. 3. All who, in sympathy with Christ, are scattering the seed.
3. The Seed—saving Bible truths.
4. The nature of that seed—though dry and apparently dead, yet when sown it soon springs into life
5. The developing force of the seed—the acorn and the mighty oak.
6. Power of the seed to propagate—"So mightily grew the Word and increased."
7. The soil—the different kinds of hearers represented by the wayside ; the stony ground ; ground with thorns, and the good ground.

Concluding with the distinguishing characteristics of true and false professors.

The class has been very interesting and apparently profitable. Several have been awakened and we trust converted. D. W. Holmes has been elected to fill the place of teacher, instead of J. B. Drew who has resigned.

May the future success be greater than the past.

J. B. D.

The Two Lakes.

An Apologue of the Waters.

BY EVAN E. EDWARDS.

 HERE was a lake whose waters were clear as crystal, and so pure, and bright, and placid, that the sun, looking down from his place in the heavens, saw his face reflected perfectly in their depths. It was as if there were two suns; the one shining from above upon the water, and the other from the depths of the lake. All the air was full of light, and music and rejoicing. Birds winging their way across the lake warbled praises to God, the giver of life, of beauty, and of joy. The voiceless creatures that swam in the water were not less happy. Groups of innocent children came down to the margin, delighted to see the reflection of the sun, and the passing clouds and the blue sky, deep beneath the surface. The life, and beauty and happiness of the world seemed doubled in the mirror of bright waters. The sun found its answering orb of light; the trees touched the roots of other trees that grew downward toward other skies; and for every child's face that looked into the lake, an answering face looked upward. There was never a scene more beautiful.

There was another lake. Its waters were black and stagnant, and afforded a home only for loathsome and repulsive creatures.

The sun, as he traveled its pathway through the skies, looked down smiling upon this lake as he did upon the other, but the dark waters absorbed its rays. They refused to mirror the sun, or stars, or clouds moving above. The trees stood lonely upon the banks, or drooped despairingly above the dark waters, that gave back no reflection of aught that was bright or beautiful in the upper world. And so the lake dwelt in darkness, and a shadow of death hovered over it. It hated the light, and the reptiles from its ooze, croaked curses upon the sun. No scene was ever more dreary and dismal.

The lakes were not far apart, and it happened that a dreamer, strolling through the forest, passed by both in his course. He turned, with loathing from the dark lake, saying: This is the semblance of a wicked heart. It quenches the light that shines upon it. It receives good and gives naught but evil. It hides deformity in its secret places. It engenders corruption and death. Accursed let it be forever.

But of the clear, bright lake he said: This is an emblem of a pure heart, that gives back freely what it receives of light and blessing. It hides no monsters or unsightly things. It has no secrets from the sun, or stars, or

passing clouds. All things love and bless it, whether they be trees, or grass, or thirsty flocks, or wandering breezes, for it has a blessing for all. Blessed be the life-receiving and life-giving water, that reflects in its depths the heavens with their worlds of light.

And the dreamer went on his way musing : The clear waters alone mirror the sky; the pure soul alone has heaven in its embrace. A dark soul rejects the light, comprehending it not ; a pure soul receives it and is glorified by it. The evil love darkness; but to the good, light is life, and beauty, and perpetual joy. Blessed are they that love the light, and find therein the life that is eternal. So mused the dreamer, but ages before, a voice that was not that of mortal man, had spoken these words : " Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—*Sunday School Scholar.*

Grand Fair.

We are all very busy now making preparations for our Fair to come off from the 23d to the 28th of November. We want every one to do something to make it a grand success. Booths will be arranged on both sides of the large hall, where all kinds of fancy and useful articles will be sold at a reasonable price. A post office, fishing pond and Jacob's well will be among the attractions, as well as a New England kitchen, from which will be served, in ancient style, pudding and milk, pork and beans, pumpkin pie, and apple *grunter*. Oysters, ice cream and other refreshments will be served up in the north room. We shall also have a concert for the benefit of the poor.

Singing School.

There is no more agreeable diversion for the family circle or a party of friends than to join in a social song. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and a person who cannot read music is to-day sadly in want of one of the most fashionable modern accomplishments. No young lady or young gentleman should let an opportunity to learn go by. An opportunity to learn is offered to all at a very cheap rate, by attending the singing school to commence at the National Park, November 5. Only \$3.00 for twenty-four lessons.

Picnic.

How to give so many children a free ride to the country, and not have it cost too much was a question. We finally concluded to give a fishing excursion to Wolf Lake, Indiana, Saturday, August 8. We left the city at 4:45 and at 8 o'clock in the forenoon in thirteen cars. The morning was rather cool and windy for either comfort or safety, especially in the hat department, as the gentleman who punched the tickets can assure you, as he saw his hat making rapid strides back for Chicago, leaving him a hatless wanderer the balance of the journey. Soon after arriving upon the grounds some of the party concluded we were still in America, and that it would be well to raise the Stars and Stripes, but as there was no liberty pole, and the trees being rather hard to climb, they selected the tallest man in the company as flag-bearer, and the balance of the day the Stars and Stripes waved from the highest pinnacle of this longest man. And to have seen how the people rallied around the colors about the time fish and bread were to be dealt out would have convinced any one that the people were truly loyal. The day being too windy for fishing, and our company larger than we expected, we were a little short of provisions, but the day passed off very pleasantly, and we shall long remember that day outside of the dust and heat of the city. We listened in the afternoon to short addresses from Reverends Blanchard, Holmes, Raymond, Gillett, and Mr. Gillett, and to beautiful songs and music from the Reform School Band. We left the grounds about 6:30, and arrived home without an accident.



Buying Brick.

About the first of September we commenced taking our Sunday School collections for the purpose of buying brick for a new church—a penny representing a brick. We are averaging about five thousand a month. The scholars are working hard to earn and save money for this purpose, and we think by spring they will have enough bought for our church. They have already contributed eleven thousand. We would invite other schools to give us one Sabbath's collection and we will acknowledge it in the *VISITOR*. When the church is built we shall have a large card framed, with a list of the schools that have aided to erect this monument, which will ever be a lesson that the children can work effectually for the Savior. All persons wishing to help in this good work can send their contributions to the editor, and their receipt will be acknowledged in the *VISITOR*.

WHAT members of our Sunday School have accomplished shows what may be done by willing hearts for the Master. Laura Osborn, Belle Osborn, Kitty McMillin, and Kitty Helmer, during vacation, held a Fair at the residence of Mr. Osborn, and brought to the Superintendent twenty dollars as the result of their efforts. Mary Atchison and Mary Dexter raised the money and presented to the Superintendent a large Bible for the use of the Mission. Miss Lilly Russell has been promoted to Brigadier General for bringing in one hundred new scholars; Miss Lydia Chase to Major for bringing in forty new scholars.

Financial Report of National Park Mission.

RECEIPTS.

From festivals, after paying expenses.....	\$171.61
From picnic, after paying expenses.....	151.25
Rent of building	165.00
Sunday School, collections to August 15	57.04
Rev. J. B. Drew.....	55.00
B. Sturges.....	50.00
N. Hawkins.....	25.00
S. W. Packard	53.00
D. H. Pearsons.....	10.00
O. H. Lee.....	10.00
Cash	10.00
Mrs. B. Chase	10.00
M. S. Chase	5.00
D. W. Holmes	5.00
A. P. Downs	5.00
H. G. Richwald	5.00
Miss M. Henry.....	5.00
D. D. Garland	3.00
Thayer & Boomer.....	1.00
Cash.....	2.00
George Hayes.....	1.00
Cash	1.00
Cash	50
Thayer & Boomer.....	1.00
Rev. A. H. Chase.....	10.00
P. W. Gillett	10.00
W. B. Croxon.....	1.00
A. Elder	10.00
Laura Osborn, Belle Osborn, Kitty McMillin, and Kitty Helmer	20.00
Thayer & Boomer.....	2.00

EXPENDITURES.

Paid on building.....	\$200.00
Land rent	100.00
Rent of Burlington Hall	100.00
Sabbath School library, books, papers, etc.....	109.82
Opening National Park for Sunday School	32.25
Sundry small bills	31.85
Chairs	25.00
Water tax	20.00
Work and care of National Park Hall.....	20.00
Printing	19.50
Printing for Burlington Hall.....	16.50
Expenses at opening of Burlington Hall	17.50
Children's sociables	23.50
Repairs of building.....	25.00
Organs for Burlington Hall.....	5.00
Band	10.00
Dishes, etc	12.00
Small bills.....	13.87
Singing books.....	20.00
Library expenses	38.00
Lumber, hardware, etc.....	7.25

DONATIONS.

Church, Goodman & Donnelly, printing.....	\$20.00
Guilbert & Clissold, printing.....	27.50
Dean & Ottaway, printing	20.00
B. F. Jacobs, printing	8.00
Kidder & Co., printing.....	20.00
F. C. S. Calhoun, printing.....	15.00
Rand, McNally & Co., printing.....	20.00
Republican Job Printing Company, printing	20.00
Lafin, Butler & Co., paper stock.....	20.00
Bradner, Smith & Co., paper stock	12.00
Culver, Page & Hoyne, paper stock.....	4.40
J. S. Hamilton, clock.....	6.00
F. B. Gardner & Co., lumber	8.00
Rev. Little, Testament hymns.....	1.00
Collins & Burgie, parts of stove.	
Hovey & Nichols, collection basket.	
Julian Kune, stove pipe.	
Mrs. G. W. Perkins, tea.	
Mrs. Calvin Smith, tea.	
Dake & Woodman, 25 loaves bread.	
J. W. Crawford & Co., 25 loaves bread.	
American Sunday School Union, Sunday School papers	
American Bible Union, 200 Testaments.	
Mary Atchison and Mary Dexter, a large Bible.	
Thayer & Boomer, contribution box.	

OPENING EXERCISES.

Supt.—All we like sheep have gone astray.

School—We have turned every one to his own way ;

Supt.—And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

School—He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth ;

Supt.—He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb ;

School—So He opened not His mouth.

Supt.—He was taken from prison and from judgment ; and who shall declare His generation ;

School—For He was cut off out of the land of the living.

Supt.—For the transgression of my people was He stricken.

School—And He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death ;

Supt.—When thou shall make His soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days.

School—And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand.

Supt.—And He bore the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

PSALM LXIII.

1 O God, thou art my God ; early will I seek thee ; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is ;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live ; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness ; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips ;

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee ; thy right hand upholdeth me.

PSALM CXXI.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved ; he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper ; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil ; he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Sabbath School Hymns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER SONG.

Fresh Laurels, page 30.

We are marching on with shield and banner bright,
We will work for God and battle for the right,
We will praise His name, rejoicing in His might,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

In the Sunday School our army we prepare,
As we rally round our blessed standard there,
And the Savior's cross we early learn to bear,
While we work till Jesus calls.

We are marching onward singing as we go,
To the promised land where living waters flow;
Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here below,
Come and work till Jesus calls.

Chorus—Then awake, then awake,
Happy song, happy song,
Shout for joy, shout for joy,
As we gladly march along.

We are marching on, our Captain ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear;
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls.

Chorus—Then awake, etc.

We are marching on the straight and narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.

We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

Chorus—Then awake, etc.

MY HOME IS THERE.

Above the waves of earthly strife,
Above the ills and cares of life,
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
My home is there, my home is there.

Chorus—My beautiful home, my beautiful home,
In the land where the glorified ever shall
 roam,

Where angels bright wear crowns of light,
My home is there, my home is there.

Where living fountains sweetly flow,
Where buds and flowers immortal grow,
Where trees their fruits celestial bear;
My home is there, my home is there.

Chorus—My beautiful home, etc.

Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptation, tears and care;
My home is there, my home is there.

Chorus—My beautiful home, etc.

Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair;
My home is there, my home is there.

Chorus—My beautiful home, etc.

"KEEP ON PRAYING."

Long my spirit pined in sorrow,
Watching, waiting all in vain;
Waiting for a golden morn,
Free from worldly care and pain.
When I heard a sweet voice saying,
In the accents of a friend,
Cheer up, brother, "keep on praying,"
Keep on praying to the end.
Chorus—When our wayward thoughts are straying,
When God's mercy seems delaying,
Then in faith we'll keep on praying,
Keep on praying,
Keep on praying to the end.

Ye who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures,
In the end you're sure to win.
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at His feet,
Plead with faith in Calvary's story,
Till your joys are all complete.
Chorus—When our, etc.

How the angel band rejoices
When a kneeling mortal prays;
Hear them cry in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying," all your days.
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day,
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away.
Chorus—When our, etc.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

Singing Pilgrim, page 83.

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will wait and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

At the smiling at the river,
Mirror of the Savior's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their song of saving grace.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

Soon we'll reach the silent river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

HOME OF THE SOUL.*Singing Pilgrim, page 92.*

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

O, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes,
Between the fair city and me.

There the great trees of life in their beauty do grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

SWEET BY AND BY.*Signet Ring, page 90.*

There is a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Chorus—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
Chorus—In the sweet, etc.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
Chorus—In the sweet, etc.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.*Singing Pilgrim, page 25.*

We've listed in a holy war,
Batting for the Lord!
Eternal life, eternal joy,
Batting for the Lord!

Chorus—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And then we'll rest at home.

Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,
Batting for the Lord!
We've listed for this mortal life,
Batting for the Lord!

Chorus—We'll work, etc.

We'll fight against the powers of sin,
Batting for the Lord!
In favor of our heavenly King,
Batting for the Lord!

Chorus—We'll work, etc.

Coda for the last verse:
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

BEAUTIFUL ANGEL.

Beautiful angel on pinions of light,
Wait till I whisper my mother good night;
List while she calls me her pride and her joy,
Folds to her bosom her own little boy,
Hover around her on pinions of light,
Mother, dear mother, O! kiss me good night.

Beautiful angel, her sorrow is sore,
Weeping for one who will weep never more;
Wait her sweet dreams of the blessed above,
Tell her our God is a Father of love;
Only for this am I staying my flight,
Mother, dear mother, O! kiss me good night.

Beautiful angel, thrice blessed art thou!
See, there's a smile on the dear pallid brow;
Token of faith that hath conquered her fears,
Token that time will have solace for tears;
Pressed to those lips in their agony white,
Mother, dear mother, forever good night.

List of Lessons--Fourth Quarter, 1868.

OCT. 4.—Paul's Steadfastness. Acts xxi. 6-17.
OCT. 11.—Paul's Arrest. Acts xxi. 27-40.
OCT. 18.—Before the Council. Acts xxiii. 1-11.
OCT. 25.—The Conspiracy Acts xxiii. 12-24.

NOV. 1.—Felix Trembled. Acts xxiv. 22-27.
NOV. 8.—Almost Persuaded Acts xxvi. 24-32.
NOV. 15.—The Storm at Sea. Acts xxvii. 14-32.
NOV. 22.—Shipwrecked Acts xxvii. 33-44.
NOV. 29.—Melita Acts xxviii. 1-10.

DEC. 6.—Paul at Rome Acts xxviii. 15-31.
DEC. 13.—Paul an Example. 1 Tim. i. 11-17.
DEC. 20.—The Tribulations of Paul. 2 Cor. xi. 23-33.
DEC. 27.—Paul Ready to Die. 2 Tim. iv. 6-18.

COMMIT.

Acts xxi. 10-14.
Acts xxi. 27, 28, 30-34.
Acts xxiii. 1-6, 9.
Acts xxiii. 12-15.

Acts xxiv. 22-27.
Acts xxvi. 24-29.
Acts xxvii. 20-25.
Acts xxvii. 33-38.
Acts xxviii. 1-6.

Acts xxviii. 16-20, 30-31.
1 Timothy i. 11-17.
2 Timothy iv. 6-8, 18.

Obituary.

OUR MISSION is only about six months old, but in that short time the Master has taken three of our number home—Maria Fuller and Johnny Hartan, who was drowned; and while this article is being prepared for publication a teacher calls, bringing us the sad intelligence that Georgie Goldring has gone home to be with Jesus. After he no longer knew father or mother he sang, faintly, a verse of the "Sunday School Volunteer Song:"

"We are marching on the straight and narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day."

We shall miss all of these bright and happy faces, but we know they are now safe from every sin and sorrow. May it be the means of drawing the hearts of the living unto Him "who doeth all things well."

SEVERAL of the hymns published in this number of the VISITOR were taken from PROFESSOR H. R. PALMER's Sabbath School Songs. The Professor and MESSRS. ADAMS, BLACKMER & LYON, very kindly granted us permission to use them. MESSRS. BIGELOW & MAIN, F. J. HUNTINGTON, ROBERT LOWREY, and MASON BROTHERS, have also very willingly aided us by granting permission to publish some of their songs.

THE DAY school which was held in the Mission building has been removed to the residence of Mr. J. E. Gregory, 194 Twenty-fourth street, where instruction will be given in the primary and higher English branches, also in instrumental music.

The Sunday School Scholar,

Is a monthly eight-page paper of the highest literary character, and is adapted to the wants of intelligent Sabbath School scholars of every grade above the infant class. Published by Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago.

The Little Folks,

Is a paper for infant classes. Each number will contain two pages, and will be furnished for every Sunday in the year—thus meeting a great demand of infant class teachers. Published by Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago.

The Angels in the Air.

65

REV. R. LOWRY, by permission.

1. When life's la - bor - song is sung, And the e - bon arch is sprung,
 2. Dark the shadows in the vale, Fierce the howling of the gale,
 3. Flood the heart with parting tears, Frost the head with pass - ing years,

O'er the shaded couch of death so still; Then the Lord will light the scene,
 But the shining ones are near our door; With our robes as bright as they,
 Min - gle want and woe to - geth - er here; But the Lord will lift the cloud,

With the an - gels' star - ry sheen, As they welcome us to Zi - on's hill.
 We will tread the star - ry way, With the sha - dow and the storm no more
 That en - wraps the shin - ing crowd, And we'll nev - er know a sor - row there.

Refrain.
 Steady time.

We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there, With the

an - gels in the air, Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there; We'll meet each other there,

Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there, With the an - gels, with the an - gels in the air.

By Permission.

The Old, Old Story.

23

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in -
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones, and grave;

4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear

Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.
 For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
 Re - mem - ber! I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save.

That this world's emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear.

Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
 Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon!
 Tell me that sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be,

Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul,

That won - der - ful re - demp - tion God's rem - e - dy for sin.
 The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon
 In a - ny time of trou - ble, A com - fort - er to me.

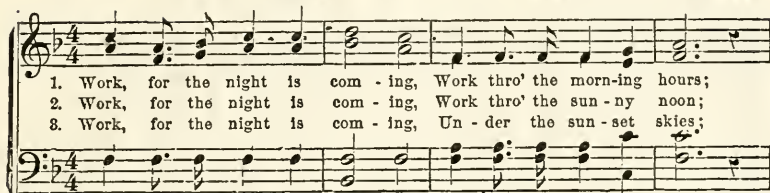
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

Refrain.

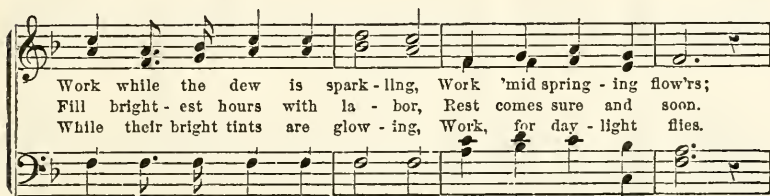
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

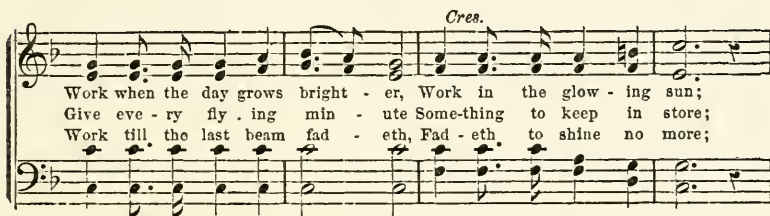
84

Work, for the Night is Coming.*From "Song Garden," (second book) by permission of Mason Brothers.*


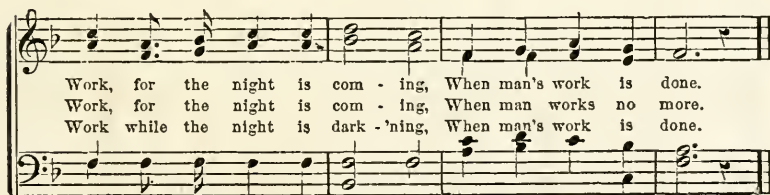
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;



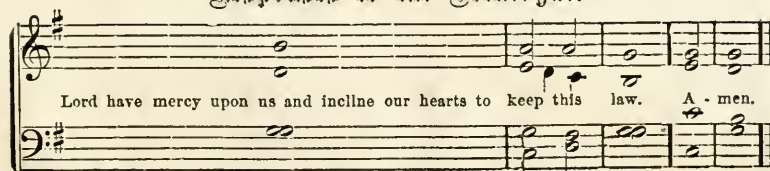
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.



Cres.
 Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give eve - ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth, to shine no more;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is done.

Responses to the Decalogue.


Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law. A - men.

FINALE

Lord have mercy upon us and write all these thy laws upon our | hearts we be | seech thee.

By Permission,

From Palmer's Sabbath School Songs.

"Children may come to the Savior."

45

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Je - sus loves lit - tle chil - dren; He is their friend His aid He will lend,
 2. Je - sus, now doth in - treat you, List to his voice Oh! hear and re - joice;
 3. Je - sus now doth com - mand you, Do not de - lay Oh! haste to o - bey;

Like a shepherd he'll lead them; Come to him, chil - dren, to - day.
 He is rea - dy to meet you, Lit - tle ones turn not a - way.
 Dan - gers dark will sur - round you, If from your Sa - vior you stray.

Refrain.

Children may come, Children may come Children may come to the Sa - vior.
 Children may come, Children may come Children may come to the Sa - vior.

Chil - dren may come Chil - dren may come Children may come and be saved.
 Chil - dren may come Chil - dren may come Children may come and be saved.

From Palmer's Sabbath School Songs,

By Permission.

Singing from the Heart.

5

Words by ROB. MORRIS, L. L. D.

Music by H. B. PALMER.

1. If you have a pleas-ant thought, Sing it. Sing it, Like the bird-les in their sport,
 2. Every grae-lous deed of His, Sing it, Sing it, Nothing sounds so well as this,
 3. Are you wea-ry are you sad? Sing it, Sing it, Make yourselves and others glad,

Sing it from the heart, Does the ho-ly spirit move, For the lamb-kins of His love
 Sing it from the heart, How he walked upon the wave,—Reseued Laz-rus from the grave,
 Sing it from the heart, An-gels up be-fore His face Sing of His redeeming grace;

Refrain.

Sing and point the fold above, Sing it from the heart. Singing, singing from the heart,
 Died our guilty souls to save, Sing it from the heart.
 Give the Savior endless praise, Sing it from the heart.

Sing-ing, singing from the heart,

Oh the joys our songs impart! Je-sus bless the tune-ful art, Singing from the heart.

Oh the joys our songs impart! Je-sus bless the tune-ful art, Singing from the heart.

Beautiful City.

53

Composed by request, for the Sunday School of H. W. Beecher's Church.

T. J. Cook.

1. Beautiful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beautiful cit - y that I love;
 2. Beautiful heav'n where all is light, Beautiful an - gels, clothed in white;

3. Beautiful crowns on ev - ery brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
 4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King, Beautiful songs the an - gels sing;

Beautiful gates of pearl - y white, Beautiful tem - ple—God its light!
 Beautiful strains that nev - er tire, Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;

Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear, Beautiful all who en - ter there;
 Beautiful rest— all wand'rings cease, Beautiful home of per - fect peace;

He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Opens those pear - ly gates to me.
 There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Worship - ing at the Saviour's feet.

Thither I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.
 There shall my eyes the Sa - viour see, Haste to His heavenly home with me.

Refrain.

Repeat *pp*

Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God.

Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God.

*From "Now Olive Branch," by Permission of F. J. Huntington & Co.

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Because He Loved Me So.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.
Written for *The Little Corporal*.
MODERATO

Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell,
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - ior Was once a child like me,
3. To sing His love and mer - cy My sweet - est songs I'll raise,

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell:
To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be:
And though I can - not see Him I know He hears my praise!

I am both weak and sin - ful But this I sure - ly know,
And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps here be - low,
For He has kind - ly prom - ised That I shall sure - ly go,

The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loved me so.
To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so.

"FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG,
and for
THE GOOD, THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL."
THE
Little Corporal

Is acknowledged by Press and People almost univer -
sally to be THE BEST PAPER for Boys and
Girls ever published in this country.

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Address ALFRED L. SEWELL,
Publisher of *The Little Corporal*,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Listen while we Tell You.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

WITH SIMPLICITY.

1. Lis - ten while we tell you Some-thing sweet and true,
2. We're his lit - tle spar - rows From His hand we're fed,

We may love the Sav - ior just the same as you;
Sure - ly if we ask Him He will give us bread:

Do you know He al - ways Marks the spar-row's fall!
And our bless - ed Sav - ior Loves to hear our praise,

Feeds the hun - gry ra - vens When for food they call.
So we'll love and serve Him All our earth - ly days,

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and for
THE GOOD, THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL."
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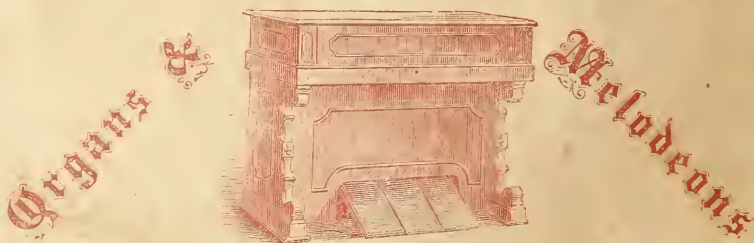
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